

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER.

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THE HAPPY TAILOR.

"I wish I could do just as I had a mind to do, said a young child, just as his father's men had returned from their day's work.

"And what would you do then?" said another little boy.

"I would turn myself into a man, and have people work for me, and have nothing to do but to ride and sail all the time."

"Now I don't believe, Ben, that men live better than we do. You know they always tell about their trials and cares; and if they are troubled every day, than cannot be happier than we."

"Yes they can too! Bill, don't tell me of their cares and trials; and every thing else you can think of. I know very well, and you might know it too if you would think, that grown people enjoy themselves; and are happy all the time."

"It may be so, but I don't believe it."

"You are one of those fellows, Bill, who don't see an inch before them. You can't reason; you can't converse; you can't do any thing as you ought; and yet you pretend that men are not happy when they sail and ride all the time."

"Now I think, Ben, I know quite as much as you. It is not only I who say so, but all men say that childhood is the best part of our lives, and if we misimprove this season, that we shall regret it to our dying day. I am glad that I am not old."

"O Bill, you don't know anything about manhood."

"Nor do I wish to, until I am prepared to act well my part in life. No!—I do not want to be a man, until I have judgment enough to make a distinction between right and wrong."

"The bigger fool are you!"

"If we can call one another fool, Ben, we shall be sorry for it—I am not angry, and why should you be?"

WILLIAM SAUNDERS, TAILOR—may be seen over the door of a fine stone-front building, in the central part of a principal town in Maine. He has plenty of work and employs two or three journeymen. He is punctual to his appointed hour, and I know of no one who has employed Saunders, ever to come away from his shop dissatisfied. If he cannot make a coat or a vest this week, he will tell you so; and if he promises it on a certain day next week, at that time it will be finished. He never said, to my knowledge, *perhaps* you can have it then. He is sure but not slow. He is also very careful to give each customer the remnants of his cloth;—he is strictly honest, and it has always been to his advantage.

For more than a dozen years Saunders has been in business for himself; and being industrious and punctual, the principal work in town is now carried to him. His customers all like him, and are pleased with the style and neatness of every thing he undertakes. He now owns the store he occupies, and the one adjoining; and he is a liberal man. He gives much to benevolent societies; but the object in which he takes the greatest interest is the

Sabbath school. When there, he is in his element. While persuading his dear children to seek the Lord, it is hard for him to repress the tears which flow from his eyes. He is engaged hand and heart for the welfare of the young; he desires nothing more than to see them prosper, both spiritually and temporally. When a young man perfectly honest, is about commencing an occupation for life, Saunders is always ready to lend a helping hand; and there are many now who feel the warmest gratitude towards him, for the friendly aid he has bestowed upon them in their exigencies. He is emphatically a happy man;—his wife is kind and affectionate, a discreet and careful mother, and in the words of the poet, she is as

"Cheerful as birds that welcome in the morn."

He early teaches his children the fear of the Lord, and brings them up in his admonition and nurture. But few families enjoy more happiness than that of Saunders. As both parents are of the household of faith, their offspring appear to be treading in the same blissful path.

Who is this William Saunders the happy tailor? perhaps the reader is ready to inquire. It is no other than the little boy, who said many years ago, "I do not wish to be a man until I am prepared to act well my part in life—until I have judgment enough to distinguish between right and wrong."

But where is Ben?—you have not told us about him yet, says the reader. Nor need I. Go to the grog shop and that nine-pin alley, three or four rods apart, at the outskirts of the town; do you see an immortal man, all wan and haggard; whose very looks speak infamy, death, and destruction; whose mouth is filled with curses, whose clothes are tattered and dirty, and before whom is placed an empty decanter? Do you see him? In imagination you do. That is he, Benjamin Edwards, who many years ago when a little child said—"Grown people enjoy themselves and are happy all the time."

Young reader, whose track are you in, Saunderson's or Edwards's? It is an indisputable fact, that you are either vicious or good; if vicious, you are standing where Edwards stood twenty-five years ago. You are no better than he was when he was as young as you. Do you not tremble then for the consequences of idleness and vice? Ah! young friend, as a friend to your best interest, we would warn, entreat, and pray you to break from the fatal delusion. Haste away from sin, and you will be useful in life and happy in death.—S. S. Instructor.

ELIZA'S THOUGHTS ABOUT THE HEATHEN.

Eliza L. — commenced attending the Sabbath school in June 1829. She became so much interested in what she saw and heard the first Sabbath, that it has ever since been her delight to attend. Indeed, nothing but absolute necessity could keep her as the Sabbath returned, from joining her little class. One very stormy Sabbath when she was between four and five years old, her mother thought it unsafe for her to go out, but it cost Eliza a severe struggle with her feelings, to give up her Sabbath school. During the day she would not unfrequently say,

"O, how I wish I could go to the Sabbath school! How I want to be with my class when they recite their lessons. Ma! I had rather it would rain all the rest of the week, than on the Sabbath."

At another time, Eliza awoke early Sabbath morning, and was all engaged in looking over the

little verses she had been learning through the week; and in anticipating great delight, in again meeting her class in the Sabbath school. But she was suddenly taken ill, and was obliged to give up her school again; and spend the Sabbath at home with her mother. She often spoke of her disappointment, and once she said,

"Ma! I had rather have been sick any other day in the week than to-day: then I should not have been kept away from my Sabbath school."

After having spent a long time in silence, and apparent thoughtfulness, she said to her mother, who was sitting near with her Bible,

"Ma! is Mr. ——— [the Superintendent of her Sabbath school] going to be a missionary?"

"I don't know, my dear," replied her mother; "I have heard that he is thinking of it."

"I should think, Ma," said Eliza, "that he would want to go now, or a great many of the heathen will die before he'll get there, to tell them any thing of Jesus Christ!"

In the Sabbath school, are often awakened thoughts about the heathen, in the minds of many a child which may influence him in his whole future course—thoughts that may not be satisfied till he has carried to the benighted light of life, and laid down his bones on heathen shores.—*Sabbath School Facts.*

PUTNAM AND THE WOLF.

An old story in a new dress.

There are few boys, ten years of age, who have not heard or read about Putnam and the wolf. It is a story which will be read by the young, for ought we know, as long as the world stands. Nor are we often content with reading it once. Most of us read it again and again, and the last time with nearly as much interest as the first.

Israel Putnam was born in Salem, in Massachusetts, January 7, 1718. In the year 1739, when he was in his 22d year, he removed with his family to Pomfret, in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford. The country was then new, and Mr. Putnam who was a farmer, bought a new farm, and immediately engaged in building a new house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, setting out orchards, and raising cattle and sheep.

Mr. Putnam not only met with the common difficulties of clearing up new land, but with very great trouble from wolves. There was an old she wolf living in the woods not far off, who with her whelps had destroyed most of the sheep in the neighborhood for several years. She did not spare those of Putnam. In one night he lost seventy five sheep and goats, besides having many lambs and kids wounded.

The people had tried, for some time, to destroy their cunning old enemy, but thus far without success. They sometimes shot down the young ones, but the old one, when pursued closely, would generally run into the western woods, and after some time return, and begin her work again.

Tired out with her depredations, Putnam and five of his neighbors agreed to hunt, two at a time, till they could destroy her. She had lost the toes of one of her feet, in a steel trap, so that she made one track shorter than the other. This enabled them to distinguish her track from that of any other wolf.

A light snow having just fallen, the hunters soon found her track. They pursued her to Connecticut river, and then back to Pomfret; and at length the bloodhounds drove her into a den only about three

miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people collected together, with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, and tried to burn her out, as they called it; but without effect. They sent in the dogs, but they got badly wounded, and refused to return.

After toiling till ten o'clock in the evening without any success, Putnam proposed to his servant, a colored man, to go into the cave and shoot the wolf; but he was afraid to venture. Putnam was angry as this, and said he was ashamed to have a coward in his family. But what could be done? If they went away, she would escape, and soon be playing her pranks over again. Putnam at length determined to go into the cave himself.

Wild animals, it was well known, are afraid of fire; so he procured some strips of birch bark to use as torches, and having pulled off his coat and vest, and fastened a long rope round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, when he made a signal by kicking it, he prepared for his journey.

The mouth of the cavern is about two feet square. You descend in a slanting direction about fifteen feet, then horizontally ten more, then ascend gradually sixteen more to the end. The cave is nowhere more than three feet wide, nor is it high enough anywhere for a man to stand up in. The entrance, in winter, is usually covered with ice, and is very slippery.

With his torch in his hand, he now entered, head foremost, and crawled along the first sixteen feet, till he came to the horizontal part of the den, when he halted; but not a breath could be heard. His torch made a little circle of light, but around it the darkness was almost like that of Egypt. None but wild beasts had probably ever been there before.

He continued to crawl along, very cautiously, over the horizontal spot of ten feet, but the moment he came to the last or ascending portion, the fiery eyeballs of the wolf appeared; who was sitting at the very end of the den. Startled at seeing the torch, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. The people at the mouth of the cave heard the growling; and as he had found out where she was, and kicked the rope just at that instant, they concluded the wolf had attacked him, and drew him out of the cave so swiftly as almost to tear his clothes off, besides severely bruising him in several places.

Having adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck shot, he took his gun in one hand, and his torch in the other, and went into the cave the second time. Venturing a little nearer than before, the wolf looked more fierce, and howled more terribly than ever. Perceiving that he had ventured about far enough, and knowing by her rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her fore legs, that she was about to spring at him, he took good aim at her head, and fired.

The people who held the rope, hearing the gun, drew him out of the cave again; but the shock of the gun, and the thick smoke, had almost taken away his senses. After waiting some time for the smoke to escape, he went down once more.

Approaching the wolf, and holding his torch to her nose, he saw at once she was dead, upon which he took hold of her ears, and again kicked the rope. The people above, with shouts of great joy, now dragged them both out together.—*Parley's Mag.*

THE JUDGMENT.

Suppose, children, you were told that at some distant day you would be called to stand before some great man, who would know just what your conduct had been through all your life. Suppose too, you knew if you had been very wicked you must receive a severe punishment, but if good, be taken to his favor, and enjoy great pleasures. I say, if you knew this, would you not be often thinking of that future day, and endeavoring to prepare for it by living in such a way as you knew would meet with his approbation? Certainly you would. But, children,

there is a day coming when you must stand before a Being, who will know every transaction of your lives; every word, thought and action will be known, and if they have been such as he will approve, he will say to you, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Then you will be received into happiness such as heart never conceived. But if you have gone contrary to his wishes, in all that you have done, he will say to you, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' And you must go to dwell with the lost spirits in that dark world of sorrow. Children, now it is yours to decide—Will you or not live as your God commands you? Will you obey his just requirements? Will you prepare for that great day of accounts? Say not, as thousands have said, who are now shut forever from the joys of paradise, there is time enough by and by. Soon the iron slumbers of death may come upon you—and then where will be your immortal souls? Dear children, see to it now that you are preparing yourselves for a happy eternity. Examine your hearts daily, and enquire of yourselves if you are truly living in accordance with the gospel of truth and never forget—

"That awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When you must stand before the Judge,
And pass the solemn test."

OBLIGATIONS OF CHILDREN.

It may assist you a little to estimate your obligations to your parents, to inquire what would become of you, if your parents should refuse to take care of you any longer. You at times, perhaps, feel unwilling to obey them; suppose they should say,

"Very well, my child, if you are unwilling to obey us, you may go away from home and take care of yourself. We cannot be at the trouble and expense of taking care of you unless you feel some gratitude."

"Well," perhaps you would say, "let me have my cloak and bonnet, and I will go immediately."

"Your cloak and bonnet?" your mother would reply. "The cloak and bonnet are not yours, but your father's. He bought them and paid for them. Why do you call them yours?"

You might possibly reply, after thinking a moment, "they are mine because you gave them to me."

"No, my child," your mother would say, "we have only let you have them to wear. You never have paid a cent for them. You have not even paid us for the use of them. We wish to keep them for those of our children, who are grateful for our kindness. Even the clothes you now have on, are not yours. We will however give them to you, and now suppose you should go, and see how you can get along in taking care of yourself."

You rise to leave the house without any bonnet or cloak. But your mother says, "Stop one moment. Is there not an account to be settled before you leave? We have now clothed and boarded you for ten years. The trouble and expense, at the least calculation amount to two dollars a week. Indeed I do not suppose that you could have got any one else, to have taken you so cheap. Your board for ten years, at two dollars a week, amounts to one thousand and forty dollars. Are you under no obligation to us for all this trouble and expense?"

You hang down your head and do not know what to say. What can you say? You have no money. You cannot pay them.

Your mother, after waiting a moment for an answer, continues, "In many cases, when a person does not pay what is justly due, is sent to jail. We, however, will be particularly kind to you, and wait awhile. Perhaps you can by working hard for fifteen or twenty years, and by being very economical, earn enough to pay us. But let me see; the interest of the money will be over sixty dollars a year. Oh,

no! it is out of the question. You probably could not earn enough to pay us in your whole life. We never shall be paid for the time, expense, and care, we have devoted to our ungrateful daughter. We hoped she would love us, and obey us, and thus repay. But it seems she prefers to be ungrateful and disobedient. Good bye."

You open the door and go out. It is cold and windy. Shivering with the cold, and without money, you are at once a beggar, and must perish in the streets, unless some one takes pity on you.

You go perhaps to the house of a friend and ask if they will allow you to live with them.

They at once reply, "we have so many children of our own, that we cannot afford to take you unless you will pay for your board and clothing."

You go again out into the street cold, hungry and friendless. The darkness of the night is coming on; you have no money to purchase a supper, or night's lodging. Unless you can get some employment, or find some one who will pity you, you must lie down upon the hard ground, and perish with hunger and with cold. Perhaps some benevolent man sees you as he is going home in the evening, and takes you to the overseers of the poor; and says, "Here is a little vagrant girl, I found in the streets. We must send the poor little thing to the poor house, or she will starve to death."

You are carried to the poor house. There you find a very different home from your father's. You are dressed in the coarsest garments. You have the meanest food, and are compelled to be obedient, and to do the most servile work.

Now suppose while you are in the poor house some kind gentleman and lady should come and say, "we will take this little girl, and give her food and clothes for nothing. We will take her into our own parlor, and give her a chair by our own pleasant fire side. We will buy every thing for her that she needs. We will hire persons to teach her. We will do every thing in our power to make her happy, and will not ask for one cent of pay in return."

What should you think of such kindness? And what should you think of yourself, if you could go to their parlor, and receive their bounty, and yet be ungrateful and disobedient? Would not a child who could thus requite such love, be deserving of universal detestation? But all this your parents are doing, and for years have been doing for you. They pay for the fire that warms you; for the house that shelters you; for the clothes that cover you, for the food that supports you. They watch over your bed in sickness, and provide for your instruction and enjoyment when in health. Your parents do all this without money and without price. Now whenever you feel ill humored, or disposed to murmur at any of their requirements, just look a moment and see how the account stands. Inquire what would be the consequence, if they should refuse to take care of you.—*Child at Home.*

LETTER FROM A LITTLE GIRL IN EDINBURGH, TO A LITTLE AFRICAN GIRL IN LIBERIA.

The following is the letter of a little girl six and a half years old, in Edinburgh, who having been much interested by Mr. Cresson's address, requested him to convey her letter, with a small present to a poor little African girl in Liberia.

EDINBURGH, March 9, 1833.

My dear little Girl.—I do not know your name, but you must tell it me in a letter which I hope you will send to me very soon. It does not signify whether you can write or not, for you can get somebody to write for you, as my mamma does for me. I tell her the words and she writes them down. Ever since I have heard about Liberia, I have tried to learn my lessons well, that I might have a number of pennies, so as to make eight shillings, which I am told is enough to find you a happy home in your own dear country. You must tell me whether

you have got a Bible or not, for if you have not, I will send you one to teach you to fear God, and to love his Son Jesus Christ; for if you love Him and pray to Him, and think of Him, you will go when you die to a happy place, where no one will cry. where every one will rejoice, for there will be no weeping there, nor any more pain, for it is written in the Bible that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. But if you do not love Him, but say it is nonsense—pooh—when people teach you, you will go to a horrid place where every person is miserable, and you will never come out of it again—never. My mamma tells me, that your country is so hot that I should die if I went there, and that mine is too cold for you to come here; so I fear we shall never see each other till we get to Heaven. If you do not understand how we shall know each other in the crowd there, I will tell you that God will show us to each other, so we must both try to get there—we cannot do it ourselves; but we must pray to God to help us for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. We may be sure that He will do it, for he has promised us that He will do it if we ask in the Lord Jesus Christ's name.

I have got a cocoa nut, and I know that it grew on a tree in your country, and I dare say that you will have a cocoa nut tree near your pleasant little cottage. You must tell me your name in the letter you will send to me. I live in Athol Crescent, No. 4, in Edinburgh, in Scotland, and my name is Emily Wake. Good bye, my dear little girl.

I send you a pretty pincushion with pins in it, because they do not make them in your country. It is very pretty, and it has needles inside, and a bodkin. There is a ball of cotton too, that you may learn to sew. One of my brothers sends you a shilling and a penny,—and another a shilling,—and another, a little one, a sixpence; and my mamma sends as much as will make the whole into twenty shillings.—*African Repository.*

DUTY TO BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

If your Father in heaven has blessed you with such relations, you must be very grateful for his kindness. Treat them with the most affectionate regard. If they are older and wiser than you are, take their advice, and follow their example. If they are younger, do all in your power to teach them, and make them good. Never speak unkindly or indulge anger towards them. Remember, if they should be taken from you by death, how unhappy such remembrances would make you.

There was once a little boy, who was often seen at the grave of a brother younger than himself, who had suddenly died. He used to sit down upon the grave and weep bitterly. A friend led him away, and asked him why he mourned so long for his brother. He answered, sobbing, "Because I did not love him more when he was alive." If you are out of patience with a brother or sister, remember how you would wish you had treated them, should death take them from you, or you from them. It is a great misfortune to have no brother or sister.—Some children have no such companions, and grow up in loneliness. When they study their lessons, there is no older brother or sister to explain and encourage them. When they come home from school, there are no little feet to run and meet them—no glad voice to say, "How glad I am to see you, dear brother, or sister," and no sweet babe for them to take in their arms and kiss. And when they grow up and are sick, or sorrowful, there will be none to whom they can say, "My sister, or my brother," when they pour out the burdens of their hearts.—*S. S. Treasury.*

Captain Stewart, the wandering piper, has been in this country a little over a year, and has already contributed over \$7,000 in small sums, for charitable purposes—the avails of his labours.

CINCINNATI, JULY 22, 1834.

For the Child's Newspaper.
NO. I.

My Dear Children,

I was wishing this morning that I could see all the little boys and girls in the United States together, and I could tell them many interesting little things that I have seen and heard in my life.—Then I thought, what a foolish wish! how many horses, and stages, and steam boats, and ships, and rail-road cars, would it take to bring so many hundreds of thousands of little children together! and how much money would it take too! And if you were all together, no house in the world would hold a thousandth part of you.—And if I should take you out into a great field of five hundred acres, and get upon a tall stump, like some of the politicians, and should lift up my voice like a trumpet, not one in five thousand could hear me.

Then I wished again, that I could get upon my horse, and visit you all at your own homes, and talk to you by your own fire sides, and get acquainted with your dear parents, and talk to them about heaven, and pray with them. But ah, when I came to calculate the number of families, and the time it would take, I found that this too, was a vain wish; for it would take me more than three years to get through with my own state,—and if there be twenty five states, then it would take me seventy five years to visit you all! And before that time, most of you would be in your graves. Some of you who are now ten and twelve years old, would then be almost ninety! Instead, therefore, of finding you little, blooming, playful children; I should find you old grey headed men and women, walking with your crutches, tottering on your knees, and some of you, perhaps, sitting in big armed chairs, with your spectacles on, teaching your little grand children how to read;—what a wonderful change!!

Well, my children, if I can't visit you, nor you me, how can I ever tell you those things I wish you to know? Can you think of any way?

O my children! I want you to understand what a blessed thing it is to have a Child's Newspaper, and be able to read it. Here I can sit in my room, when it is raining ever so hard, and though so weak I can hardly walk or speak, I can talk to the children in Maine, and Georgia, Missouri, and Ohio, and all the states in the Union, if they will but take the Child's Newspaper.

And now, if the Lord gives me health, I am going to say something to you, in almost every paper, and I wish you to read it very carefully. And as you don't know me, and will never be able to come and see me, nor I go and see you, I shall, in the next piece, give you a sketch of my own history, and tell you some of the things which I did, when a child, that I am very sorry for, and some things that give me pleasure to remember.

I shall never tell you my name, but as I received my natural birth in the East, my spiritual birth in the North, my education in the South, and am now living in the West, I shall sign all my pieces in the Child's Newspaper, for the future,
E. N. S. W.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATIONS IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The first Association of this kind, of which we have any knowledge, was in Nov. 1831, and is the one of which we are now speaking. From that time to the present we have watched its progress and tendency, and we will now give you some of the results, that you may judge for yourselves concerning its utility. We could wish that every Sabbath School in our land had its Missionary Association, and we doubt not that such, ultimately will be the fact. The least important of their results is the amount of money contributed. And we find during the first 15 months, the contributions amounted to \$272.06. And for the last 9 months, ending with December, 1833, we received \$143.29. Total to the 1st of January, 1834, \$415.35. This money has been appropriated principally to the cause of Home Missions; a part to the Greek, and a part to the Canton Missions. Most of the children contribute regularly, and do not need to be told when the first Sabbath in the month returns. We might go on to mention many other facts of a similar character, did time permit. But will cite but one more. Speaking of her class, with regard to the Missionary

Associations, a Teacher says: "To illustrate something of their spirit, the following extract from a letter, written by one of them, to Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings, may be inserted."

Letter from a S. S. Scholar.

"Dear Friends,—It is with great pleasure that I now write a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you.—But I must tell you that I have a great interest for the heathen, and I mean to help them more than I have; for when I think what an awful state they are in, it makes my heart ache.—But O, how much more I ought to strive for my own soul, that has all these privileges, while they have none."

Caution to Scholars.

We wish here to speak a word of caution to our young readers. We should be sorry to have you feel that you are deserving of commendation for what you have done. Do you not remember what Christ said to his disciples; "When ye have done all things which are commanded you, say we are unprofitable servants, we have done that which it was our duty to do." Which of you has done all that you could in the service of Christ? Not one!

How Sabbath School Library Books ought to be read.

The benefit of Books to children depends very much upon two things. If the teacher is not particular to examine the children, when they return their books, to see whether they have, or have not read them thoroughly and attentively, they will soon acquire the habit of reading only to forget, or of not reading at all, according as the book happens to suit their fancy. Or if parents suffer the books to be read merely as an entertaining story, and take no pains to impress upon the mind and heart, the application and moral lessons which they contain, the effect will in a great measure be lost. But when the efforts of both are united, then religious books, as both reason and experience show, do prove a rich and lasting blessing.

For the Child's Newspaper.

Dear Children,

Not long ago I wrote you a letter about little Henry, who "talked with his Lord," and died happy. What I have to tell you now, is a sad story, but like the other it is also a true one. A few evenings since as I was walking down the street in L——, I saw a quantity of blood in the street and a number of people collected about the door of a house opposite to it. On inquiring the cause, I learned that a little boy had fallen from his cart, and the wheels had passed over his head and killed him. I went into the house to see him. He appeared to be about twelve or thirteen years old. There he lay stretched upon the floor, his face covered with dust and blood, his eye balls inflamed and starting, as it were, from his head—he had just breathed his last—poor boy! No kind father nor tender mother was there—they had not heard of their affliction. Strangers had carried him in, and strangers had bent over the dying sufferer! But if his Lord had been there, and he could have "talked with him," as little Henry did; that would have been more than father or mother or any earthly friend. But I fear he had not this comfort to soothe his last moments; for this boy who was so suddenly called into eternity and to the judgment, was a SWearer! He was in the daily practice of uttering the most awful oaths, and taking the name of the great and terrible God in vain, and the Lord has said, "he will not hold him guiltless, who taketh his name in vain." I said it was a sad story, but I tell it, that it may be a warning to you, not to put off a preparation for death. You know not how suddenly you may be cut off, and summoned to the bar of God, to give an account for all your words and actions here. This poor boy, less than one half hour before his death, had the prospect of as long a life as any of you; but now he is in eternity! Who can tell which of you may be there the next moment! Do any of you swear, and take the awful name of God in vain? Take care lest he cut you off in your sins, and leave you no space for repentance. "Be ye also ready, for in a day when ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Your Friend,

CLIFFORD.

Professor Gambart, of Marseilles, has discovered a new comet, situated in Sir John Herschel's nebula 2,064 and almost four minutes diameter.

POETRY.

THE NEED OF PRAYER.

Dialogue between Lucy and Jane.

Lucy.

Jane, it has never done me good
To attend the Sabbath School;
I hear instruction and intend
To take it for my rule:

But all my good resolves are gone,
As soon as school is o'er;
I act as bad, and sometimes think
Worse than I did before.

It was last Sabbath, that I heard
About the Prince of Peace;
T'at if we loved him as we ought,
All wrath and strife would cease.

And then I thought I would not speak
An angry word again;
Nor ever have an angry thought,
Nor murmur, nor complain.

But long before the day was gone,
I fretted dreadfully;
Nor thought how kindly and how long
The Lord had borne with me.

I learn the lessons that you learn,
The same instructions hear;
And yet the faults that I commit,
Do not in you appear.

I wish you'd tell me how it is
Your conduct is so good;
I think if I should know the way
I'd do it if I could.

Jane.

Before I go to school, my dear,
I go to God in prayer,
And beg him graciously to bless
The truths that I may hear.

When school begins, I carefully
Attend to all that's said,
And try to keep it in my heart
As well as in my head.

When I return, I straight retire
Again to seek the Lord,
And pray him to incline my heart
To love his holy word.

And then through all the week, I try
To live as I have pray'd;
And oftentimes, in every day,
I seek my Father's aid.

When I forget my God, and sin,
I've but one way to take,
To beg forgiveness of my guilt,
For my Redeemer's sake.

And humbly at my Saviour's feet
I earnestly implore
He'd draw me closer to himself
That I may sin no more.

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE BIBLE?

A little boy had often amused himself by looking over the pictures of a large Bible; and his mother one day said to him, "John, do you know the use of the Bible?" He said, "No, mother." "Then, John, be sure you ask your father," was the advice his mother gave him. Soon afterwards, when his father came home, John ran up to him and said, "I should like to know, father, what is the use of the Bible?" His father said, "I'll tell you another time, John." The boy appeared disappointed, and walked away, wondering why his father did not answer the question directly.

A few days afterwards, John's father called him, and said, "John, I am going to take a walk, should you like to go with me?" "Yes, father, that I should," said John. So the father put on his hat, and John put on his cap, and they both went out together. They walked along the street, and turned down a lane, on which the father suddenly stopped, and knocked at the door of a poor man's house. The door was soon opened, and the father went up stairs, followed by John, into a room, where there

was a woman lying very ill in bed. John's father began to talk to the poor afflicted woman, who said that she had suffered a great deal of pain, but hoped that she was resigned to the will of God. "Do you think," said the father, "that God does right to permit you to suffer so much pain?" "Oh, yes," answered the woman, "for God is my heavenly Father, who loves me, and I am sure that one who loves me so much, would not permit me to suffer as I do, if it were not for my good." He then said, "How is it that you find your sufferings do you good?" She replied, "my sufferings are good for my soul, they make me more humble, more patient; they make me feel the value of the Saviour more, and they make me pray more, and I am sure all this is good for me." John had been very attentive to this conversation, and the tears stood in his eyes while the afflicted woman was talking. His father looked at him, and then he said to the woman, "My good woman, can you tell me what is the use of the Bible?" In an instant John cast his eyes towards the woman, whilst his face showed that he was extremely eager to hear her answer. The woman with a stronger voice than before, said, "Oh, Sir, the Bible has been my comfort in my affliction." "There, John," said his father, "now you know the use of the Bible; it can give us comfort when we most need it."—*London Teachers' Offering.*

CHILDREN, DO YOU PRAY?

A teacher overheard the following conversation between two Sabbath school scholars.

'Does your teacher ever ask you if you pray?'

'Yes.'

'And what do you tell her?'

'I tell her I do sometimes.'

'But my teacher says it is not enough that we should say the Lord's prayer—but that we must use our own words to tell God of our wants and ask him for those things we need.'

Dear children who are in the habit of praying only the Lord's prayer, be persuaded that it is *not* sufficient to repeat it day by day in a thoughtless manner, but that you must pray from your heart in order to obtain peace of mind, and find acceptance with God.—*S. S. Instructor.*

HOW MAY CHILDREN BREAK THE SABBATH.

By work or play—by idleness or foolish conversation—by not going to meeting, or by not thinking, and acting, and feeling aright when there,—and by neglecting to read the Bible, and to pray.

AGE TO WHICH FISHES LIVE.

Ingenious theories have been devised in relation to the mode by which the age of fishes might be determined. Carp have been known to live in wells through the long lifetime of several proprietors, which had been there an unknown period, before any particular interest was taken in them—so that one hundred and fifty years have been noted in the life of several, without any material change being manifested in their condition. A vulgar belief that they purify the water, still induces country people to put them into their wells. It has also been remarked that the number under such confinement, rarely increases. It is probable that cartilaginous would live to a far greater age than spinous, as it requires a long time for cartilages to become ossified; whereas, on the other hand, the spinous, as a natural result, undergo changes by age corresponding to some extent, with terrestrial animals. Old age eventuates in death, though cold blooded creatures are so tenacious of life—having an almost indestructible irritability, that we have reason to believe under some circumstances, they survive several centuries. Birds, next to reptiles and fishes, oftener die of age than quadrupeds. A goose lived

in the farm yard of a father, son, and grandson, in England, 83 years; how old she was when they first came in possession of her, was unknown, and how long she would have lived, having been accidentally killed, is equally problematic. Turtles, of the tarapin kind, have been found from time to time, with dates on their shells, indicating an age, as great as the first settlement of the colonies in which they are found. Naturalists have partially agreed that the series of rings on the ends of the vertebrae, indicate the spinous fishes' age—upon the supposition that a deposition of ossific matter is annually deposited, like the albumen of trees, by which their age is determined. Such a method is objectionable, as the bulk of a known species, having hundreds of circles,—would ultimately rival, in size, the largest whale.

FIVE RULES.

1. You are young, and have all the world before you: stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.
2. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall; and before honor is humility.
3. That you may be always in time, take care always to be ready a little before the time.
4. In the morning, think what you have to do, for which ask God's blessing; at night, what you have done, for which you must ask pardon.
5. Waste a crumb, and you are likely to want a loaf. Squander a penny, and you are likely to want a pound.

ANECDOTE.—A Protestant Clergyman was once hissed in a promiscuous congregation for his faithfulness in exposing their prevailing vices. "I came here," was his ready and pointed reply, "to bruise the head of the Old Serpent, and it does not at all surprise me that there should be some hissing among the generation of Vipers."—*Ch. Obs.*

A RABBI.

When the late Rev. Claudius Buchanan was travelling in India, he obtained from the Jews in the interior of that country, a very singular copy of the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew, made in the sixteenth century. The translator was a learned Rabbi, and the translation is in general faithful. The design of the translator was to make an accurate version of the New Testament, for the express purpose of confuting it, and of repelling the arguments of his neighbors, the Syrian, or St. Thome Christians. But behold the providence of God! the translator himself became a convert to Christianity; his own work subdued his unbelief, and he lived and died in the faith of Christ. This manuscript is now in the public library at Cambridge.

A Woodman's Wife become Queen.—Some years since a captain of a corsair carried off the wife of a poor woodman in the environs of Messina. Having kept her several months on board his vessel, the pirate landed her on one of the South Sea Islands, and abandoned her to her fate. The savage monarch of the island, to whom she was brought, became so enamoured of her, that he married her according to the way of the country, placed her by his side on the throne, and when he died, left her the sovereignty of his dominions. An European vessel lately arrived from a voyage to America, has not only brought the poor woodman this intelligence of the fate of his wife, but has also brought presents from her of sufficient value to make him one of the richest private individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her royal highness to call him to her court.

Manner of making Castor Oil very palatable to Children.—Take the quantity of oil you propose for a dose, and boil it for a few minutes in an equal quantity of milk; then sweeten it with a little sugar. When the mixture has cooled, stir it well, and give it to the child. There will be no necessity of giving the child any thing to drink after taking the mixture, for the taste of it is more pleasant than any other drink you can give.